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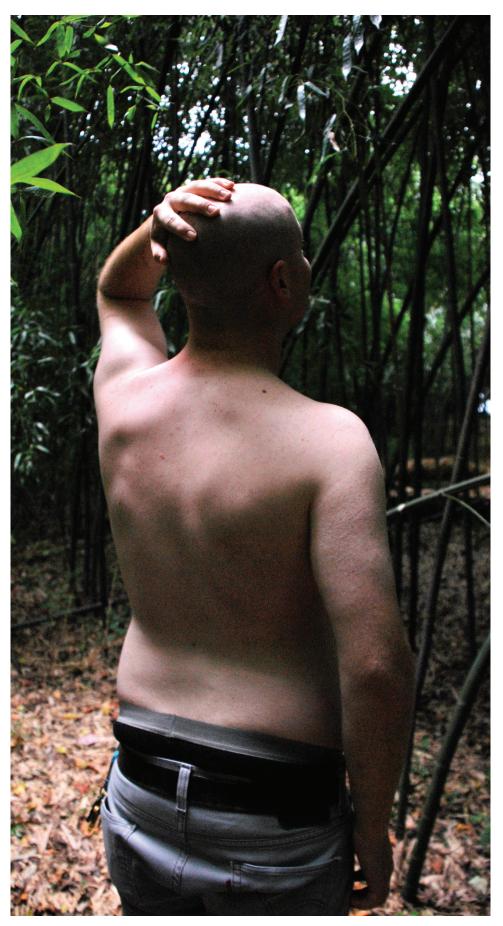


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magazine dreams of—assuming magazines can dream. When she's not writing or photography-ing, Sonia enjoys the shore and life's other simple pleasures, like rage comics. This summer she covered Bamboozle and Warped Tour and even snagged an interview with The Starting Line (read it on our Tumblr!). Before diving into music journalism, she was an aspiring equestrian. I've never ridden a horse because I'm scared of any animal bigger than me with bone-crushing Chiclet teeth, but Sonia is fearless. That's probably why she jumps into crazy dance pits. Check out her mosh pit survival/dance guide in this issue. We take no responsibility for any injuries you may sustain. You aren't Sonia. *Idiot's Guide to Moshing, page 24*



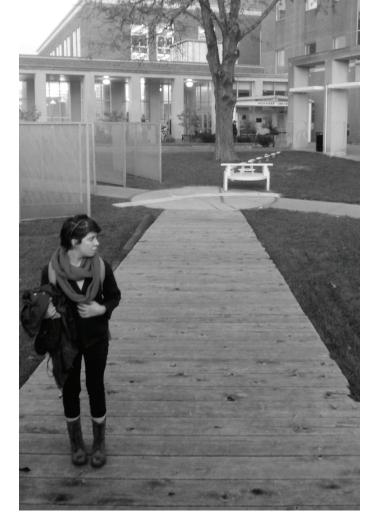
IAN GABRIEL is one of the best haiku poets I've ever met. Like that of his hip-hop heroes, Ian's word flow is equalled by few and envied by many. As are his luscious blond locks, piled atop his head like a coral reef any fish would be happy to get stuck in. Last year, Ian covered eXXXotica porn convention with us, and I don't think we could have navigated through the pink haze of tits and tricks without him. Ian is a trilingual cheese-lover with all the wit and charm of a witty and charming person. For this issue, Ian boldly set his pen to paper to narrate a run-in with a God-fearing man whose only pulpit is a bus stop. And if you wanna ask Ian to write a haiku for you, just keep guessing ten digits at random until you get his phone number right.

God's Playground, page 39



EMMA RACKMIL is a senior studying English and Art History. This summer she was a children's tennis instructor even though she doesn't really know how to play tennis. She also loves dogs, and I'm pretty sure she can communicate with them. Emma's photography has appeared in the Review countless times—we can never say no to her captivating slice-of-life snapshots that we wanna jump into like Blue's Clues. During her semester abroad in England last year, Emma discovered bars filled with Londoners who were into the "zombie-cheerleader-bride-preggo scene." She later got lost in the London Underground and ended up eating pie with a mime. Typical Emma night.

Spandex party photo, page 28



Faithful reader,

This week I watched the final episode of Twin Peaks. And if it taught me anything, it's that things don't always turn out the way you want them to and sometimes your favorite FBI agent becomes the host body for a menacing, large-mouthed entity named Bob with no respect for the conservation of toothpaste.

But even though you and the Review spent a whole summer apart, you can be sure there won't be a palindromed monster nestled in its fiery, paper soul. That's not to say you won't find some strange characters—this issue we've got nacho-grubbing swindlers, divine mouthpieces, coffee fiends, and one dude who really fucking likes Big Fat Liar.

So despite the fact that we never found out what the owls meant, how the log lady knew everything, or why it was necessary for Leo Johnson to drool so much in the second season, one thing is certain: when our next issue comes out in December, I'll have to write another Editor's Letter.

And I promise you there won't be any Twin Peaks references in it.

Lingue Plangue

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THE COFFEE CHRONICLES



The Caffeinated Perspective

by Alysia M. Slocum

"Cheers!" I clinked espresso shots with three coworkers. It was our third shot that hour. I work in a coffee shop where drinks are free for employees, and by the end of the shift, my eyes resemble a rabid animal's. Four shots in, my legs start to move like the roadrunner, and I become a blur, darting between counters wiping away coffee stains. I love coffee.

Days where I had missed out on my daily caffeine had led to exhaustion and headaches, yet now my curiosity got the better of me: I wanted to see what I would be like without it. I decided to become completely additive-free. Just thinking about it made me want to slurp down a Jägerbomb, but I knew I would have to stay strong. Who knew what kinds of things I would be capable of? Maybe I would even learn how to sleep.

Later, I decide to investigate what all this coffee is doing to my body. I check out my most reliable source: Wikipedia. Aha! I am reducing the likelihood of Parkinson's disease, three types of cancer, and Alzheimer's with all of my coffee consumption. Furthermore, I'm reducing the likelihood of cirrhosis. It also serves as a laxative, which grosses me out, so I decide to ignore that one. See? Coffee is healthy! I would be doing my body a disservice to cut it out. I continue to read down the list with confidence. Somewhere, I come across "sluggish sperm." Okay,

I figure I still have a few years before I start berating anyone's sluggish sperm. I begin to hum cheerfully until I read: Increases onset of osteoporosis. Well, that isn't good. In general, I ignore information that I don't like, for example that the guy living in the apartment below me has a girlfriend. But this, the onset of osteoporosis, is hard to ignore—especially because, as it is, I suffer from low vitamin D. It's unsettling to discover that coffee isn't helping.

"This is bullshit," I conclude and head outside.

I then run into a guy that I met at a party but whose name I can't remember.

"But you're in college," he responds when I tell him I gave up caffeine. "You're supposed to drink coffee."

Undeniably, he was right. I was on Dean's List last year, for Christ's sake! What kind of Dean's List member doesn't have a magical Colombian blend beverage by their side every step of the way? It's my academic duty to stay as caffeinated as possible! I knew then, as I stopped at Starbucks, that my experiment wasn't happening. Deep down, I knew there was probably not a shy introvert living inside of me, and if there was, she was right where she belonged: nowhere to be found. I needed coffee. But to give my bones a break I decide to cut back a bit.

"Can I have a large iced soy extra-shot sweetened latte, please?" Maybe I'd starting cutting back tomorrow.



I catch colds faster than Francisco Cervelli catches baseballs. So, naturally, as I study away in the perpetual icebox that is Alexander Library, my nose starts to run, and my friend Ellen suggests going to Au Bon Pain to grab some coffee to warm up. We take turns going, so I urge her to go first, so I have time to think about what I want to get. In actuality, my decision is much deeper than deciding what kind of coffee to get. In fact, my decision is what kind of coffee not to get.

I am not trying to sound ultra-cool, but I just do not enjoy the caffeine-filled depths of a cup of coffee. It comes down to things as simple as the awfully bitter taste and the urge to hop up and run seven miles that comes shortly after downing a Tall. Both the taste and feeling are acquired—I'm sure. But there are many things I will never acquire in life-Bradley Cooper, for example, will never be my husband.

Yet, I am surrounded by people who fall at the feet of coffee and insist we go to Starbucks to warm up on those bundled-up winter days. The first few times we went, I'd order some random coffeewhatever sounded fancy or delicious—and add all the sugar and nutmeg that I could. I still do that on occasion, and people don't hesitate to stare.

But let me say that Starbucks' Caramel Apple Spice is a gift from God. It's a fucking gift, end of story. It's my addiction during the winter, while all

The Uncaffeinated Perspective

by Pooja Kolluri

my friends are sipping on their coffee. If I'm feeling in the mood to be healthy, I will gladly order a nice green tea. My shtick with green tea is that it isn't the same as coffee. It doesn't make me jumpy, tastes a hell of a lot better, and most importantly, it's way less caffeinated.

It's not just the taste, though, that has college students in a frenzy over coffee. The love for it all begins with its unique ability to give you a fresh start to the day—or quite frankly, whenever you need it. I do envy the coffee lovers of the world when I'm sitting in an afternoon class, one step away from taping my eye-lids open. But being the stubborn ass I am, I will not give in to the energizing temptations that lie in the bitter wells of a cup of morning blend. So, us non-coffee lovers have to find alternatives. And there are plenty!

Personally, I'm not a fan of Red Bull nor a supporter of 5-Hour Energy. Oh, and vitamins make me queasy! So I've got to come to terms with looking like I've been smoking a joint after pulling an all-nighter. But for me, it's easier to accept than the taste of coffee.

CULTURE



Illustration by Mimi Gabriel

Party of One

by Margarita Rosario

MOST PEOPLE COME IN GROUPS AND PAIRS, WHILE I, PRETENDING TO CHECK MY PHONE TIME AND TIME AGAIN, SIT AT A TWO-CHAIR TABLE AT THE CORNER OF "INVISIBLE" AND "MAKE-THIS-QUICK."

he crowded dinner scene at Livingston's new dining hall: you didn't think you'd be there alone, now, did you? The sun

has just set, and that's the cue for hundreds of students (mostly freshmen) to pack into the dining hall to eat their third, second, and occasionally, first full meal of the day. For most, a visit to the dining hall during these hours is a social ritual: gather the girls from your floor and head out! For others, like me, getting dinner is always a last-minute decision. It doesn't take long before I realize that most people come in groups and pairs, while I, pretending to check my phone time and time again, sit at a two-chair table at the corner of "invisible" and "make-this-quick."

Surprisingly, no one else seems to really care, which is a good thing for the desolate consumer. Still, there are many people who feel insecure about eating alone. For example, there's the girl that walks into the dining area before getting her food, in the hopes of spotting a familiar face. Then there's the girl that stands outside waiting to see someone she knows (doing that is a little awkward, actually). Sometimes, there's even "that guy" who practically runs out of his shoes to catch up to his crush and her friends, only to receive the "not you again" look. Don't worry though; there are some who are a little more skilled at the art. See the guy that racks two chairs at the other side of the table to rest his feet on, not caring what others think, or the kid who sits in the middle of the dining hall at an empty four-seater, with no regards to what is going on around him.

All freshmen will come across this experience eventually, or at least I hope so (I'd hate to be one of the chosen few). You simply just don't know everyone. By your second year at Rutgers, you stop caring, but doesn't it seem consequential that the empty seat in front of you makes you feel like a total freshman? That's because we're known for not being familiar with all 500 people sitting down in a section, or even one person for that matter.

We ultimately shouldn't be concerned with making dinner an event. It's just another, and necessary, part of your day, no? So next time you're eating dinner alone, take the four-seater and pick up your feet. Even sing along to the music playing if you'd like; you deserve it.

MULTITASKING MELTDOWN BY SUZY ALBANESE



'm sitting in my Abnormal Psych lecture staring at 300 other students who are undoubtedly as restless as I am. But as I continue to look around, I realize that this is not the case at all. As I'm doodling Spongebob characters in my notebook, I notice that no one else seems to be suffering from a near-narcoleptic episode. In fact, more than half of the students are busy on their laptops, iPads, tablets, or cell phones. The girl next to me is ordering clothes on Amazon, and the guy in front of me looks enthralled with an intense game of Angry Birds.

With the unlimited technology of our generation, multitasking has become a daily endeavor for most students. As time is always of the essence, being able to send an email while simultaneously having a conversation sounds like a dream come true.

There's no doubt that today's advancing technology allows us to make the most of every minute. But do you ever wonder what you're missing when you're downloading a new app or bbming? News flash: all multi-tasking is not created equal. The traditional contexts for multitasking make sense—a mother cooking dinner while doing some laundry, a student taking notes while listening to the teacher—but thanks to technology, this seemingly harmless act has become an everyday addiction.

Okay, right now you might be thinking, "What is this girl talking about? I can multitask. I friggin' walk and chew gum all the time!" Don't put yourself on

your proverbial high horse just yet. Just because you can do these actions simultaneously does not dub you the title of "multitasking prodigy." You can walk and chew gum at the same time because neither of those actions really require any attention. But using your smart phone as you go throughout your daily routine is basically turning your brain into a fried egg.

I know you think you're conquering the world by switching between two tasks at the speed of light, but what you're doing to your brain is something like making it switch between taking shots of Everclear and riding a unicycle. It takes so much energy to switch focus that you leave your brain exhausted and frazzled.

Besides messing with your mental health, your love affair with technology is probably ruining your real-life relationships with others.

When your best friend is upset about her parents' recent divorce, are you there for her? When you're sitting at the dinner table and your parents ask how your day was, do you hear them? And, as your professor is lecturing, do you have any idea what he is saying? If any of this is making you feel a bit guilty, it's possible that you are suffering from a multitask overload.

While time is vital, you are actually wasting it by only paying attention to half of what's going on around you. Plus, that poor little brain of yours is begging for you to take a breather. So here's your reality check.

GOD BLESS DIVISION

he funny thing about brainwashing is that it can be about theoretically positive things. You can brainwash someone to be polite or have school spirit, for instance. However, that's still not good. It's not good because you when you brainwash someone, you remove his ability to reason. If there's a flaw in what one has been taught, he cannot detect it on his own. Imagine someone who, instead of being taught how numbers work, was simply made to memorize the outcome to every simple single-digit summation. If his instructor made a mistake and told him that two plus two was five, he'd have no mental tools to see why that was wrong and probably get annoyed when someone else told him the truth.

BY EDWARD REEP

For a while, I associated extensively with a Christian cult called Harbor Light Fellowship, a few of whose members attend Rutgers. I got along well with them at first because I agreed with their stance on most theological issues; in particular, I loved how they described an afterlife in which there was no hell and very few people didn't go to heaven. However, as time progressed, I found out that although they seemed to be right about the majority of spiritual matters, they were still very wrong about some things, disturbingly so. After all, a 99%-correct theological track-record can be ruined with presposterous conclusions such as that homosexuality is caused by literal demon possession (especially because there is absolutely nothing wrong with homosexuality). Let me provide a disclaimer, though, by saying that the people in this group can be very nice and make fine friends, but if you want to keep them as friends, you better not say anything that sounds convincing and contradicts beliefs they've been taught.

The story of my association with and eventual estrangement from Harbor Light Fellowship is a complicated one filled with cultural clashes, miscommunication, and mistakes by all parties involved. The core narrative, though, is a classic one. There is a party-line in a group, and an independent thinker doesn't tow it. Consider that even Harbor Light Fellowship itself was formed because its leaders didn't tow the line of a larger group called The Way International.

At first, I had a great time with Harbor Light Fellowship. We agreed on every issue that came up and together promoted the wondrous works of God. That was until one fateful moment when I was taking a class_they offered on general themes in Christianity. The class was actually truthful and informative, but there was one piece of minutia I thought they got wrong. They taught the metaphorical death of Adam and Eve in Genesis represented the pair losing divine nature, but I thought it more likely the metaphorical death represented the pair becoming mortal. I started arguing with them about it, trying to show them the logic of my view. After all, they had taught me that we should try to objectively interpret the Bible in every respect. I of course hadn't realized that, due to their brainwashing, they had no mental tools to objectively interpret the Bible and merely said that as a platitude. Over this minute point, there were tears and shouting matches, which planted in me the seeds of discontent.

As the months progressed since the first incident, I began seeing more flaws in Harbor Light Fellow's theology, especially regarding the trust they put in leaders, which was the very mechanism for their brainwashing. Without evidence, many of the group

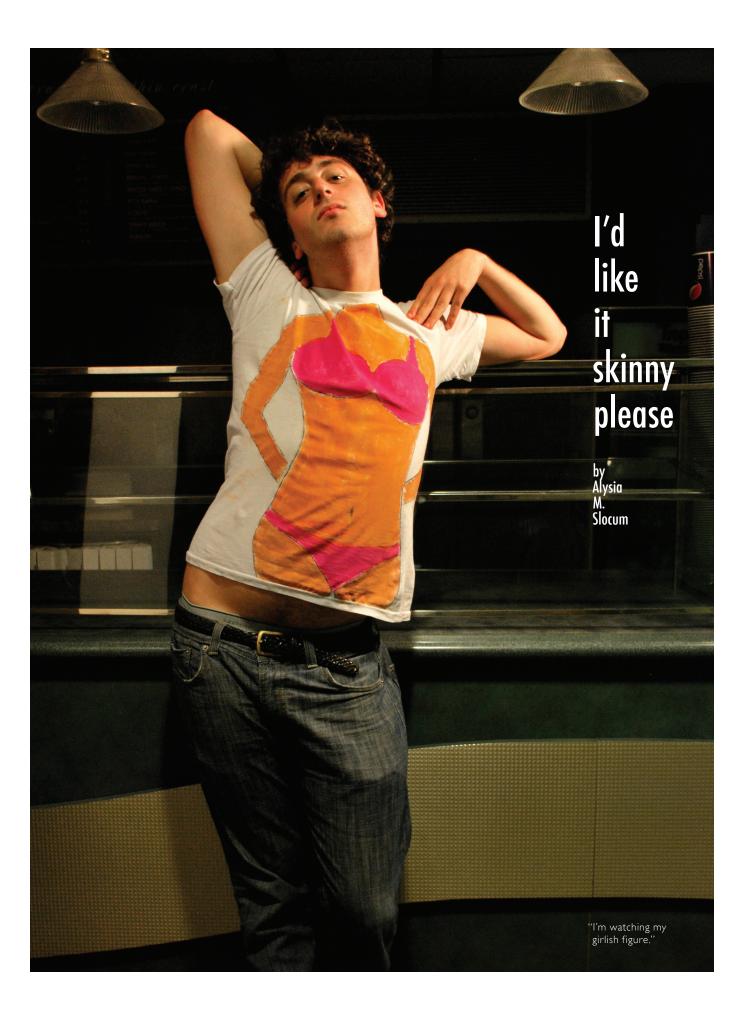
members thought that their ministers were literally appointed by God and had clear two-way conversations with him on a regular basis. They would blindly accept mundane administrative decisions made by these men

THE STORY OF MY EVENTUAL ESTRANGEMENT FROM HARBOR LIGHT FELLOWSHIP IS A COMPLICATED ONE FILLED WITH CULTURAL CLASHES. MISCOMMUNICATION, AND MISTAKES.

as God's will. I was even forbidden from attending a Bible fellowship run by someone I quite liked because "God said no." Of course, as I discovered later, the real reason was because my question-asking was a strain on their resources. I also argued with them on another stupid piece of Biblical minutia, the timeline of Satan's expulsion from heaven. That incident led to a semi-estrangement between the group and me. The final nail in the coffin, though, was when their head minister cursed me off for trying to share a paper I wrote about the non-existence of hell at a Bible fellowship. If I couldn't even think freely regarding issues we agreed on, I was out of there.

Believe me; I'm glad to be out. I witnessed some of the most incredible arrogance you can fathom in modern America. Imagine people who truly feel that God put them in a position of power over you, even if they're your fellow Rutgers student. I have seen minds so removed from reality that they would, without evidence, accept very specific assertions about the supernatural world (such as the role demons play in homosexuality). Friends have refused to speak to me again because God told them to do so. This is mean. This is absurd, but it is so typical of people. Look at history: Roman Palestine, Catholic Europe, Nazi Germany, Maoist China, even the Cold-Warera United States. Haven't some always tried to control the thoughts of others?

And so I write this article for two reasons. One is general, to reflect upon mankind's flaws as he strives to understand God. The other is more specific. I want to stifle Harbor Light Fellowship, an entity that cost me time, money (income tithes and exorbitant event fees), and friendship. I hope that by informing the public about its senselessness, no outsiders will ever want to associate with the group, and Harbor Light Fellowship won't put anyone else through the ordeal I was put through. Let them be happy in their cultish bubble, but God may their children be rebels. I was told by a member of Harbor Light Fellowship not to write this article because "it would cause division," which is "what the devil wants." When the choice is between division and unity within a cult, I say God bless division.



n America today, 10 million people suffer from an eating disorder. About 20% of them will die from its complications. Which is why, when I'm standing in the cashier line of a grocery store to buy a new toothbrush and I'm subjected to a plethora of magazines suggesting how I can attain lean thighs or get rid of my arm fat, I become infuriated. I can't walk five feet on campus without seeing a sign warning me about "The Freshman 15." I can't even walk to Starbucks without hearing customers order a "skinny latte." Skinny. Skinny used to be a negative term referring to the frighteningly thin and frail. Now it's an aspiration. It's a desire we articulate every time we order our Starbucks drink.

"I'd like it skinny please."

They have even posted the calories over all the pastries for our reading pleasure, assuring us that this is the healthy way. Everything today is about low calorie, low fat, and skinny, skinny, skinny.

Ironically, most teen magazines include articles warning their readers about the dangers of eating disorders, right next to the articles on how to get toned and how to get boys to like you. There is a consistent disconnect.

The word "healthy" in itself has become synonymous with "weight loss inducing." For example, at Sunday dinner at a relative's house, I was surrounded by Splenda sugar packets and dairy-free butter.

"Why is this here?" I asked, wondering where the condiments were that had ingredients I could actually pronounce.

"Healthier!" my aunt exclaimed. I stared at the Splenda packet. Boy, does my body love sucralose. But alas, I opted for pure cane sugar. It is fairly common knowledge that fake sugar is associated with cancer. So in our effort to pick between the lesser of two evils, death or fat, we'd rather be thin with eventual cancer than average sized and cancer free. When did this happen? When did we make this transition to where thinness and fear of the obesity epidemic is held on higher esteem than true health? I'm not sure of the answer, but when I look at the magazines in the grocery store line and contemplate the extremes of eating disorders, it is evident that self-respect has become completely out-of-fashion.

In a time where 17% of Americans are obese, it's

unfair to ignore the fat content in foods as a concern. But in a society filled with extremes, instant gratification, and the invention of size "00," we have turned to starvation and the promotion of "skinny" bodies as an acceptable alternative. We don't have to. We can ask for skim milk instead of promoting thinness by ordering a "skinny latte." We can read health magazines and discard the crash diet magazines. We can use the gym to elongate our lives rather than just get ready for the highly dreaded bikini season. We don't have to stand blithely by, buying skinny jeans with our faces glued to diet commercials. After all, not everyone buys into the "thin wins" mentality.

The other day, I was in Brower when I was stopped by two girls standing beside an "R U Healthy" sign. The posters we see in the dining halls are meant to encourage us to stay fit and keep control over our bodies each semester. I imagined it being another weight loss campaign and avoided it desperately, but the two girls by the poster asked me if I wanted to play a game. Initially, I was skeptical about ending up in a weight conversation, right before dinner. I prefered French fries and did not want to be convinced otherwise. However, when I gave the game a chance, all of the questions were health and food group related instead of about dieting. I was so impressed! I was also excited about my prize that consisted of a pack of post-its with text on it reading, "Celebrate, Liberate, Appreciate YOUR BODY."

"Finally," I thought to myself. "Actual health."

Yet, in reality, we still have a long way to go before attaining true health. In the dining hall, I am still stuck listening to numerous people dissecting their bodies or talking about how they "shouldn't" have this or that because they didn't go to the gym that day or they had a dress to wear for a formal that weekend. The American diet industry makes \$40 billion a year on our "thin wins" mentality. Of course they want to tell us we are all fat! Who would

buy the makeup, anti-aging lotions, stretch mark creams, and diet pills if we were all satisfied with ourselves? We are trained by the advertisers to fear ourselves, but you're good enough.

IN A TIME WHERE 17% OF AMERICANS ARE OBESE IT'S UNFAIR TO IGNORE THE FAT CONTENT IN FOODS AS A CONCERN.

CULTURE









Photos by Paroma Guha (top left) and Mary Conlon.

In a World Apart

by Julian Chokkattu

I'm in a world apart. Time flies slower; nothing clouds my mind, and the only gaze I have is towards the horizon or far into the depths of space. Something emanates from within during these minutes: a feeling of vastness and joy. These minutes usually end with the obnoxious ring tone from my Android or from someone perturbing my peace of mind.

Today, our generations are caught up in a whirl, a mentality that life is supposed to move fast.

Moving from classes to homework and from homework to studying, students find that their peace of mind or their idea of relaxation and fun comes from partying, going on Facebook, or texting friends. What about something you can come back to that isn't plugged in? The world is yours. Live a little, and experience the world.

William Ernest Henley said, "I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul."

Powerful words.

I've yet to find an action for them though. Every day I sit in my hard, wooden chair staring at the stars wishing to go back into a medieval time of adventure and dangerous tasks. I'm willing to cross the threshold too.

It's tough to put an idea like that into today's world, or is it? Too long have I simply said, "Let's have an adventure tonight!," but all it leads to is lying around in a poorly ventilated room for a few hours until we part ways. I try to think of adventures to do, but I never realize that there's always something to do.

What stops me is my lazy attitude and my lack of creativity to actually go and do something about my subconscious needs.

That all stops now. I'm evolving.

Already I've done more things this fall semester than I had ever done last year, and as I stare out the window at this very moment, I'm quite satisfied that I've done so. I've stepped into the threshold, and I'm not leaving just yet.

College is always defined as the place where your life can completely shift directions: a place where you do things you might not be able to when you're older; a place with less limitations placed by society.

I'm fulfilling that definition. And the only way to do so is through choice.

So don't forget; you are the master of your fate; you are the captain of your soul.



Big Fat Liar is the **Greatest** Movie of **All Time**

by Chris Luminello

ig Fat Liar is the greatest movie of all time. That's a pretty big statement to make, I know. I'm sure you're thinking, "Well, obviously, it must be in the top ten, maybe even the top five, but the absolute greatest? Surely that position must belong to some more artistic film, probably directed by that guy who directed The Birds or something." But to you I say, is there another movie that could fill the role so perfectly? This movie literally has everything you could want in it. It's got action, romance, comedy, Frankie Muniz before he got all weird looking—it's even got the black guy from Scrubs. You know the one. Anyway, I think it was abhorrent the way that this movie did not sweep the Oscars that year, but then again, it was pretty under the radar, and the Oscars are all about politics (Dances with Wolves won Best Picture for crying out loud; that was a total rip-off of Avatar, and it didn't even have any robots or Sigourney Weaver in it). That being said, Big Fat Liar may have been snubbed by "The Academy," but that doesn't mean it didn't charm the

pants off of an entire generation of cinephiles (which doesn't mean what you'd think it means).

This unique take on the classic coming-of-age story not only features zany antics and a poignant message of love and courage, but also Paul Giamatti, and come on, look at that guy. He gets painted blue in that one part, and I don't need to tell you that is comedy gold. As if that weren't enough, he has to match wits with Frankie Muniz, and those two play off each other so well. Every time they're facing off, it's like Kramer Vs. Kramer, only it's even wackier, if you can believe it!

Big Fat Liar is guaranteed to warm your heart. It will make you laugh—it will make you cry, but most importantly, it will make you think. If you haven't

seen it yet, go out and rent it. Or better yet, do yourself a favor and buy it, so you can watch it again and again. I promise you, you will not regret it.

BIG FAT LIAR MAY HAVE BEEN SNUBBED BY "THE ACADEMY," BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT DIDN'T CHARM THE PANTS OFF OF AN ENTIRE GENERATION OF **CINEPHILES**

Art by Derek Springsteen

Rutgers

The Skate University of New Jersey

by James Dudas

kateboarding has been a popular art form in America for the past decade. Even when the phenomenon erupted in the 1970s, there wasn't as much attention to it as there is now. New media outlets and a less reserved generation of kids have given skateboarding a second wind and the ability to become one of the major forms of entertainment in the country. Nationally televised events like the X Games and Street League tournaments have exposed the everyday TV watcher to the skateboarding world. And on the whole, the same skater attitude has rung true.

This art form and community produce some of the most unique and friendly people you could hope to meet. Skaters live and breathe their art form and work hard to achieve their goals. This is contrary to the stereotype. The skateboarding community at large has often been viewed as a group of disenfranchised teens who cause trouble and spend more time doing drugs and defacing property than actually skating. Sure, some skaters are like that, but they aren't meant to represent a majority. Just like any group of people, there are always some bad apples.

Unfortunately, the leading governmental body of the City of New Brunswick seems to side with the stereotype. Skateboarding isn't welcomed within the city limits. This isn't the first sign of a crackdown on the arts either. There was a time when basement concerts were happening every night on Guilden and Plum. Today, shows must end by ten, and often the police will show up prior to that in order to break up the event. I hope skateboarding isn't the next target.

During a visit to NJ Skateshop on Easton Avenue, I wanted to find some answers to this dilemma. Is New Brunswick out to stop skaters? If so, then why? And is there anything that can be done to find a middle ground? I walked into the shop on a rainy New Brunswick day. The shop itself was small in a

cozy kind of way. Nice lighting and hardwood floors, with boards on the wall and a television that seemed to be showing skate videos on loop. If you are a skater or are just interested in it, you should definitely check NJ Skateshop out. Only one other person was in the shop at the time. Luca was working at the counter on this particular day. He is a big guy with a great personality. If anyone should be representing the local skaters, he has my vote. I went on to ask him my questions, and what I got gave me some great insights. When I asked him if the police had been giving out any major tickets for skating, Luca told me that merely riding a board on George Street could bring a fine of around \$130. I understand that George Street has heavy foot traffic, and it may not be the best place to ride. However, when you compare the fine to the \$40 parking ticket on the same street, things just don't seem to add up.

"Honestly, skating in New Brunswick isn't that good. There's barely anything here, and most of what is here is just decrepit," said Luca regarding how the skating is in town. It was an eye-opening answer. The problem wasn't that skateboarding was being pushed out of the city. It was that it couldn't even get a friendly foothold.

"Over the past year we've been seeing a lot more New Brunswick skaters at the shop. Especially younger kids, you know, around the age of ten. New Brunswick really needs to build its own park. Even just a small outdoor place with a few ramps would be better than what the kids have now." Luca added.

There are a lot more skaters here now than there were in years past, at least according to Luca. The idea of a city skate park actually seems like the right idea. When it comes to local spots, the pickings are slim. There's Boyd Park, which is pretty much a stair set with some graffiti on it. Johnson & Johnson is like a stronghold, and security may have you booted in minutes. Brower commons is a popular spot, but foot



Ryan Burge finds an alternative use to the handrail at Brower. Photo by Andy Enos.

traffic can make it dangerous for everyone. Having a skate park is just safer for everyone involved. But would the city of New Brunswick ever put their seal of approval on such a project?

Over the past few years, New Brunswick has been going through a change. Gone are the days of graffiti artwork and the once blossoming basement scene. Today is the world of office buildings and parking garages. The world of higher security and

less individuality. It's a new time in the history of New Brunswick.

Are skateboarders the last species before the extinction? Will they be washed away as well? I don't know. Will a park eventually be built? Or will kids still have to make the long commutes to Edison Skate Park and Kennedy Park in Sayerville? Will the powers-that-be ever heed Luca's words and the opinions of local kids? I sure hope so.

Kerouac wrote a book 60 years ago and we're still writing about it

by Tiffany C. Hess

tic, technologically wired, instantgratification-seeking Generation Y, it is hard to see what, if anything, we have in common with the dizzy, sexy, jazz-infused, drug-injected, material rejection of the post-World War II Beat Movement. This late 50s counterculture concerned itself with the search for truth, for a way to carry out an entirely spontaneous, completely uninhibited existence; their motto, "Where's Life?," was derived from Jack Kerouac's novel On the Road. Children of the 90s, some would say, lack this vivacious yearning for liberation; we're far less curious yet far more bored; we'd rather complain than be proactive. As a generation we've come to exemplify the "here we are now, entertain us" attitude introduced by Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit". There's something to be said, however, about our sense of discontent and self-entitlement: it strangely mirrors that of the beatniks fifty years ago. On the Road was not just a bible for the Beat Movement; the social commentary within its pages still matters in 2011. We're unhappy for a lot of the same reasons, and we're searching—or gave up searching—for a way out of Life or a way into it.

s a member of the jaded, narcissis-

You're in the passenger seat of a stolen car. Your friend Dean is high on speed, in more than one way, going 100 miles per hour cross-country to Denver or San Francisco—you're not really sure at this point. You don't know what you're running from, and you don't know what you're running towards. Dean tells you it's time to deregulate yourself, time to embrace madness, time to reach a level of full-bodied expression that you never even knew existed. No responsibility, no obligations. The West is an incubator for freedom, and once you get there, you'll be greeted with a nonstop marathon of sex, drugs, and intoxica-

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tion. Dean shows you how to do what you want when you want. "Be in love with life," he says, "have no expectations."

This is what it feels

like to be On the Road.

Sooner or later however, you've grown weary of this nomadic existence; your discontent hasn't been remedied. But Dean can't relax. He's morphed into something manic, something violent. He no longer represents that exuberance you once admired. He still keeps his foot on the gas pedal, even though you realize this dream he's envisioned is unattainable. There is no pleasure in a frenzied sense of fruitlessness, especially when blind mobility is the only thing driving you. Dean is no longer your hero. You no longer pardon his selfishness or impulsive ways. You say to yourself: maybe a little regulation is necessary. Maybe a lack of roots isn't the answer but the problem.

This is what it feels like when Kerouac stops the car for us.

At the beginning of On The Road, Dean's lifestyle seems immensely attractive, yet as an audience, we begin to worry about his well-being while chasing him around the country and always trying to beat the clock. It's as if Kerouac encourages us to awaken our passions yet, at the same time, stresses a sense of prudence when going about it. My questions, however, are these: whereas Dean was almost too much in love with life, is our attitude as 20-somethings in 2011 just the opposite? Have we stopped caring entirely? It's as if seeking life in its purest form is a bygone goal for us: a romantic notion of the past. Were the beatniks much more optimistic and opportunistic than we are? There is a certain lack of vitality amongst us: a great cloud over us that we can't shake. Perhaps our generational angst is due in part to a culture centered on convenience. Now that the whole world, synthetically, is at our fingertips with smartphones, it's almost as if we have nothing left to explore. With the attitude that faster is always better, we do in fact have something in common with Dean. We will find that instant gratification and narcissism will be our demise if we too don't slow down.

Pick up Kerouac's masterpiece immediately, and see for yourself.

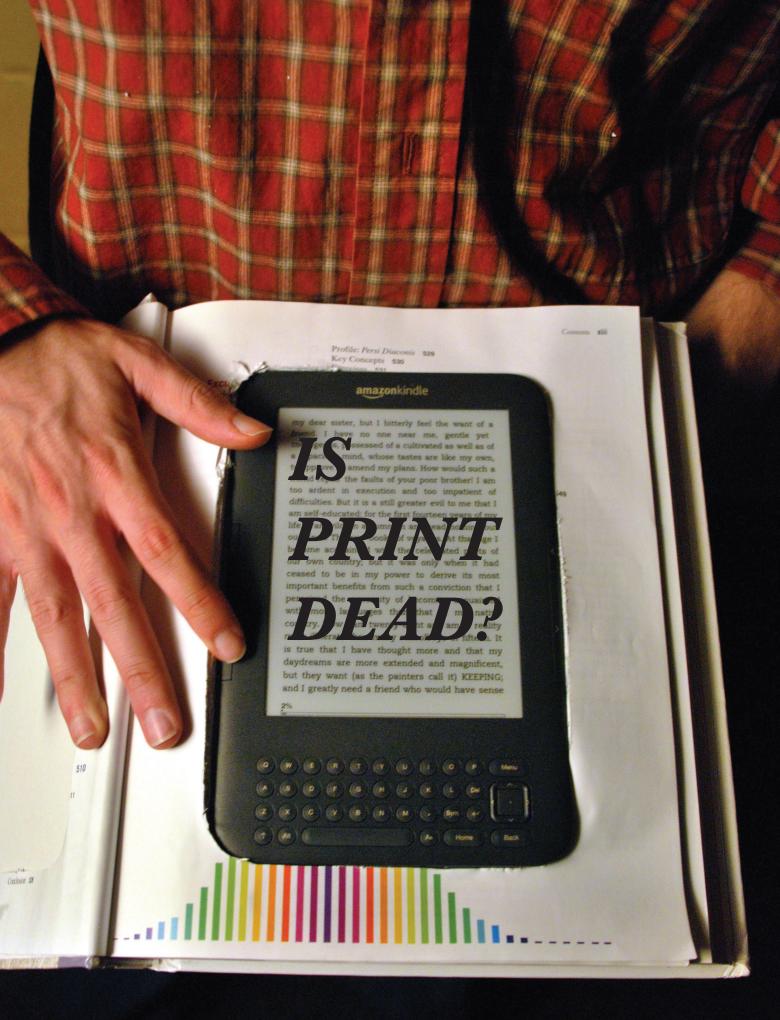












WHAT THE DESTRUCTION OF BORDERS CAN TEACH US ABOUT THE EVOLUTION OF MULTIMEDIA BY ALLYSON COUGHLIN

ecently, I got an email from the CEO of Netflix apologizing for the changes in their pricing and DVD subscription policy because they had changed it a few weeks earlier, effectively making people pay more money for fewer services. One part of the CEO's apology to subscribers made an interesting comparison. When talking about how Netflix has had to "change with the times," Netflix CEO Reed Hastings said the following: "Most companies that are great at something-like AOL dialup or Borders bookstores—do not become great at new things people want (streaming for us)." Hastings' metaphor here is fascinating because it shows exactly how much we can learn from the recent Borders calamity about struggling to adapt to our technology-obsessed society.

As most of you probably know, the Michiganbased national bookstore chain, Borders, is closing. As most of you probably don't know, I used to work at Borders, and the topic of its slow decline and eventual bankruptcy is something on which I have strong feelings. I love books; I love bookstores, and I love having a job, so the fact that I have fewer of all those things is upsetting for me. Most upsetting, however, is what the closing of Borders means on a larger scale. Borders failed not because of prices or selection or because people are buying fewer books; it failed because its e-book and e-book reader services were, in a word, terrible. Timing didn't help. Amazon was the first to launch an e-book reader with the Kindle, with Barnes and Noble quickly following with the Nook. Borders waited and chose to focus more on their in-store stock. Eventually, they began selling e-book readers such as the Kobo but never officially launched their own. What Borders failed to understand and what their competition clearly did was that, while people might like reading, they don't like having to wait for things. In a technological society like ours, instant gratification has become the most valuable thing a company can offer. People have become so accustomed to just having to wait for a screen to load that the idea of having to drive all the way to a store to buy a book has become laughably archaic. Even waiting five to seven days for something to come in the mail has begun to feel like too long of a wait—something both Borders and Netflix have had to learn the hard way.

Another reason e-book readers are so popular is

that they make it easier to read—they allow you to change typefaces, among other features, and carry your entire library with you wherever you go. While Borders' e-book readers offered these basic services, the fact that their e-book readers and their e-books came from different vendors made it harder to make purchases. The Kobo was manufactured by a company in Canada, and while you could buy books for it through the Borders website, it was a more complex process than purchasing books for your Kindle or Nook. The Borders e-book readers also would occasionally break down for no clear reason, requiring a trip to Canada before they could be fixed.

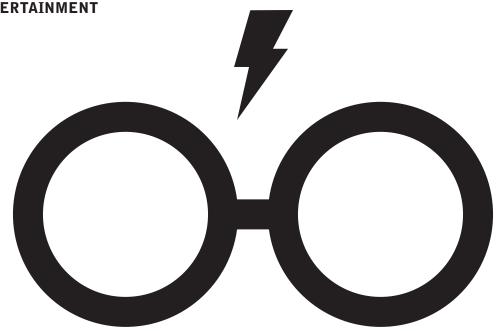
Borders' technical difficulties extended to Internet ordering. You could obviously buy print books online as well, but even I, as a former employee and Borders apologist, have to admit that their website was not exactly user-friendly. The selection was narrow; the delivery time was not always speedy, and there would sometimes be instances where people would receive different books than they ordered, occasionally not receiving anything at all.

By not investing in improving both their website and e-book reader markets, Borders essentially screwed themselves. As I mentioned before, they aren't the only ones with problems. Netflix is experiencing a similar sort of upheaval, and other stores have either diminished or become completely extinct as a result of their inability to keep up with the current technological landscape. Sam Goody, Tower Records, and similar stores are long gone, and Blockbuster has all but disappeared from the commercial landscape. Once again, the digital medium is taking over, making physical books and DVDs seriously endangered. Unlike the demise of the cassette tape or VHS, this new change represents not a replacement medium but a complete removal of physical product. And while I love technology and the Internet,

this makes me sad. I like the physical act of looking through picking shelves, something out, and enjoying it. But as the destruction of Borders shows, this is something that I might not be able to enjoy any longer.

PEOPLE HAVE BECOME SO ACCUSTOMED TO JUST HAVING TO WAIT FOR A SCREEN TO LOAD THAT THE IDEA OF HAVING TO DRIVE ALL THE WAY TO A STORE TO BUY A BOOK HAS BECOME LAUGHABLY ARCHAIC.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT



Harry in the Amazon

Kindle, that is

by Nina Guttapalle

e honest. How many of you Harry Potter fans pirated the books, purchased illegal copies, or at least attempted to find digital versions of the novels? The first thing I did when I got my Kindle a few years back was search for the Harry Potter novels, only to be met with disappointment. Well, now you no longer need to be frustrated because Rowling has finally decided to sell digital versions of her series via her new website, Pottermore.

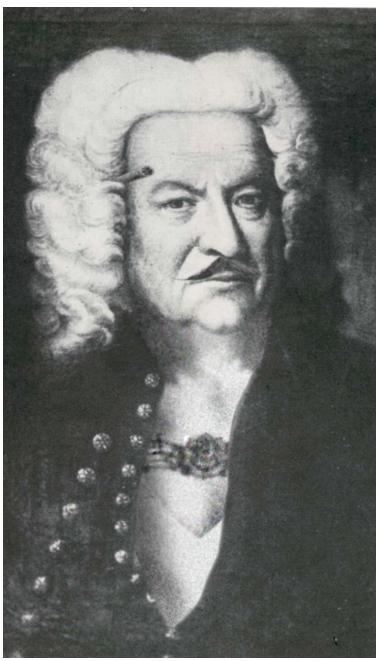
For so many years, JK Rowling had not allowed any of the Harry Potter books to be released electronically, and though a formal announcement was never given as to the reason why, the two biggest assumptions were fears of piracy and that Rowling placed a lot of value in print books. Of course, kids found an oh-so-brilliant way to sidestep Rowling's decision by, you guessed it, pirating the novels.

Fans might be scratching their heads at the timing of Rowling's announcement. Why now did she finally decide this? It is possible that the overwhelming popularity of e-books and the rampant piracy have finally clued in Rowling to the necessity of releasing digital versions. Or, as Rowling puts it, she "wanted to give something back to the fans...and [to] bring the stories to a new digital generation." Whatever the reason is, though, the decision remains, and all of

you e-book enthusiasts who never got a digital copy can now do so.

Of course, I have also found that a lot of college students, who are growing up amidst the digital revolution, scoff at anyone who owns an e-reader. Ironically, the college students who complain about how this new digital technology is destroying bookstores do so through the latest digital communication devices. What they also don't realize is that just because someone owns an e-reader does not mean he/she has given up reading print books and is dancing around at the idea of making bookstores go out of business. I know that I and many other e-reader owners would be upset if all our bookstores shut down.

That books are being digitized is a harsh reality, but this digital revolution is one that follows on the heels of just about every other medium. Rowling is simply following a technological trend. She's not the first author to do so nor will she be the last. And I'm positive that fans will have the same emotional experience reading the Harry Potter books on a Kindle or Nook as they would on paper. After all, the purpose of reading is to understand and enjoy the story, right? It's not about the "experience" of browsing through bookstores or the smell of the paper or any other excuse that print-book elitists use to condemn e-books. Whether it is done digitally or not, reading is reading.



"I got this wig at Goodwill." Art by Derek Springsteen

Souch was a hipster

was a hipster
by Emily Maas

He was addicted to coffee. Johann Sebastian Bach actually wrote a cantata about a coffee addiction. "The Coffee Cantata" was viewed as a comic opera and was pretty popular in his time. I mean—who else has written anything that is still so specifically relevant to the current hipster? If Bach were around today, he would have set up his Mac in Starbucks to write this comedic opera and drink his supposed three to four daily cups. A famous quote from this "Coffee Cantata": "Without my morning coffee, I'm just like a dried up piece of roast goat!" This proves Bach was witty as well.

He was underpaid. Bach was not recognized as such an influential composer until after his death. He spent most of his life working as an organist and a teacher, which is nothing compared to the amount of money he should have been making. He got by and supported the twenty children he brought into the world (yes, twenty, though not all lived past childhood). But it just seems he was in the wrong place at the wrong time, especially since it is said that he hated teaching. Bach once even got in a tiff with one of his students, a bassoonist, who asked why Bach insulted his playing. The bassoonist called Bach "a dirty dog" in German and hit him with a stick. Bach came at him with his sword and called the student a "zippelfaggotist," which apparently means a nanny-goat bassoonist.

He broke the rules before it was cool. There are specific rules to composing in music theory such as avoiding overlapping voices or parallel fifths. This was heavily followed in the Baroque period when Bach was composing. Bach, however, decided he was too hip for those rules. In his compositions, he broke them for dramatic effect and to surprise the audience who were expecting the same old thing. His trend of tweaking the rules of music theory, however, did not catch on until the romantic period after his death. Thus, he did it before it was cool.

He was angsty. Occasionally, his angst due to his underpaid job would cause anger to stir, and the wrath of Bach would emerge. He was actually put in prison for a month for arguing with his current employers after being fired. There are also records that Bach was reproached by the town council for being a loner. They also accused him of being arrogant and neglectful of his duties as an organist. For example, in defiance to being told that he played too long, he would play too short. Also, when he was once asked to inspect a piano in a town nearby, he showed up at the correct time but four months too late... just to stick it to the man.

THE IDIOT'S GUIDE TO **MOSHING**

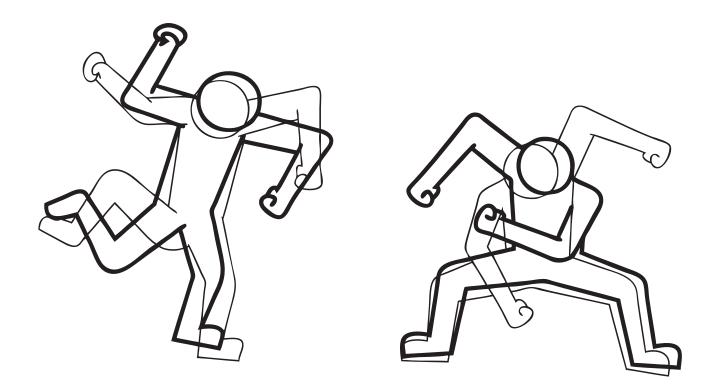
by Sonia Karas

unk, hardcore, metal, and all of their subcategories are undoubtedly some of the most misunderstood genres in contemporary music, often written off as the soundtrack to a satanic ritual. The only thing less understood than the music itself is its dancing, the art of moshing. It's an art that takes years of practice and devotion to master. No novice is going to spin kick during his first performance!

So now you want to mosh? Whoa there, before you grab your spiked neck collar and nun-chucks, you must know that there's etiquette to this dance. We aren't a bunch of savages here in the pit! First and foremost, there are to be no shoebies in the pit; as much as you may love your L.L. Bean sandals and Crocs, leave them at home—they are not hardcore. Instead try a pair of Doc Martens. After all, we like to assert our unique and original sense of style, and leaving the show with all your toes is always a plus.

Second, as much as you love your studded vest that's totally awesome because you got it from Search and Destroy, it may stab your fellow moshers in the eye—the only kind of bleeding allowed in the pit is from getting spin kicked or punched in the face.

If you're lucky there might be one babe in the pit, and much to many moshers' dismay, copping a feel is not a sanctioned move. Remember this one because she may "accidentally" spin kick you in the nuts. Lastly, if you see a fellow dancer down in the pit, pick his ass up! The more people you leave squirming on the ground, the less br00tal the pit will be!



Here comes the fun part, learning some sick moves. To have a successful first trip in the pit, start with a few of these tried and true favorites:

The Two-Step: Step one foot out and immediately cross it over your other foot. Take your back foot and bring it forward while also jumping. Continue to cross this foot over the other, and repeat for as long as possible. For more advanced dancers, use both arms and punch down while kicking with your opposite foot.

The Windmill: If you lack any sort of rhythm, this is the move for you. Using both arms, rapidly circle them from front to back with your hands clenched in a fist. Use this in conjunction with a back kick, and you'll really look like you know what you're doing.

The Spin Kick: This move is sometimes looked down upon, but that's just because some people will be mad that you look like Jet Li and they lack ninja skills.

The Floor Punch: Punch the floor and alternate your hands. This is really for people who can't remember any other moves and need something to do. Don't actually punch the floor, though; that shit hurts.

Now you're ready to hop in the pit and get seriously hardcore; happy moshing!

BUILDING A COMMUNITY

BY JOE ZORZI

hen people complain about their local music scene, it always comes back to one problem: lack of community. If there's no common ground for artists to interact with one another, it's harder to make connections and find ways to promote.

Instead of ignoring these problems, the Tiny Giant Artist Collective decided to make a change. What started as a group of local New Brunswick bands playing shows together is now growing into a community of like-minded individuals throughout

New Jersey.

Starting in September of 2010, Tiny Giant has made it clear that they're all about unity and making it easier for artists to express themselves.

"[The goal is] to build a thriving music scene throughout New Jersey with bands who are in it for the music and to help one another out," states Joe Lanza, member of Tiny Giant and guitarist/vocalist of Holy City Zoo. "Too many people are motivated by the dollar bill and will play contrived music or act solely upon monetary response, rather than artistic."



Holy City Zoo perform at Maxwell's. Photo by Matt Peterson.



The Nico Blues are playing in New Brunswick in November. Photo by Jacob MaMendola

AN IDEAL ETHOS

Many times, bands end up having to sell tickets for their own shows. I can't tell you how many times I've paid \$10-\$15 just to see my friend's band play a 30 minute set and just left right after. How is a band going to gain new fans if this is the way things are set up?

"Too many bands play shows and never talk to who they are playing with or leave after your band is done," says Lanza. "It is much wiser to communicate and form relationships with as many bands as you can and trade shows together. That is how you gain fans and spread the word. It is an ideal ethos, but it is what seems the most right to us."

A COMMON PURPOSE

The greatest part about the collective is that it's not solely made up of bands. "We also have college radio hosts, writers, fellow indie label affiliations, photographers, fellow promoters etc. We are open to all mediums that promote music and eventually, art," Lanza explains.

Bringing together people from all aspects of the industry really creates a place for networking and collaboration. The collective makes it easy to trade ideas and get insight when needed.

On top of the collective, there is the closely affiliated Tiny Giant Records. It acts as yet another platform for these local artists to get their material out to more people. They've already put out seven releases, including albums by Nico Blues, A Moment

of Zen, and Meet Pause, an EP/single by Holy City Zoo, and two compilations.

THE SHOWS

Basement shows around New Brunswick tend to get shut down by cops far too often (kids trying to express themselves through music is obviously more of a problem than gunshots and muggings). Tiny Giant has been effectively running great shows without this being a problem.

"The noise violations are not so much an issue because we keep a strict time limit on the shows. There is a certain time when it becomes a violation, and the time frame of when the shows take place, it is completely fine," Lanza states. Tiny Giant has also been opening up the scene to other venues. "We are currently working with the Court Tavern on Church Street. We put together a really successful compilation/Meet Pause album release this past September. The people who run the venue are really cool and are very open to how we are running things."

Check out some Tiny Giant artists: Holy City Zoo, The Nico Blues, Meet Pause, Neur, They Had Faces Then, Those Mocking Birds, Washington Square Park, Green Paper, Morning..., Cicada Radio, Blue Chip Village, Dads, Invisible Lines, The Front Bottoms, Erostratus, Sara, Secret Country, !No Pasaran!, County Drop, Marloneisha, Captive, The Vapor Apes, Vows, Ben Franklin (recently broken up), Ex-Wife (recently broken up)

t's a Friday night, and my roommates are getting pumped for some debauchery. The energy is electric as I sit on my futon, preparing for a lame night-in with my textbooks.

Just before people start to arrive for a pre-gaming extravaganza, one of my roommates asks if she can put on music. I agree, noting the bottle of rum she bought for me the week of move-in. I turn off Sufjan Stevens, surrendering my music monopoly.

She grabs the television remote, and I stare, horrified, as she sifts through the music channels that Optimum Cable put so much effort into offering. Before she has a chance to pick a remotely adequate station, the doorbell rings, and she's forgotten her task, haphazardly leaving on Taylor Swift and Bruno Mars.

Still on the futon, I battle the urge to vomit as my poor ears are subjected to awfully generic pop songs and slack remixes.

Okay—I get it—maybe The Age of Adz isn't the pre-gaming vibe you were going for; Roommates-1, Kelly-0. But seriously roomies, when did it become okay to substitute the wrong vibe for mediocrity?

Before I get ahead of myself, insulted and disgusted, I have to remember that my roommates are not the only Rutgers attendees suffering from this shameful case of half-assed soundtrack-ing.

In fact, it seems to be somewhat of an epidemic.

Pick almost any Greek letters on Frat Row, and you'll get the same thing in nearly every dingy basement: horny guys, soupy Jell-O shots, and standard music that, if anything, has an overcompensating beat. Why are we content with this?

Maybe it's because some of these songs spewing off of the Billboard have a steady beat that's easy to dance to. Get past the beat, and all you're left with

PICK ALMOST ANY GREEK LETTERS ON FRAT ROW, AND YOU'LL GET THE SAME THING: HORNY GUYS, SOUPY JELL-O SHOTS, AND STANDARD MUSIC THAT HAS AN OVERCOMPENSATING BEAT. are simple lyrics that are so poorly written you barely need an elementary education to understand them.

Maybe it's be-

cause nobody wants to be musically stimulated while they're out getting stimulated in other ways.

We are doing the Party Gods a severe disservice by tolerating such tunes. So, party throwers: switch things up! Instead of falling back on TRL-esge songs, put some actual thought into designing a playlist.

There are countless ways to expand your musical spectrum; you just have to resist the urge to be lazy.

For starters, you can make like Marty Mcfly and dip into music from the past, or simply music that samples it. The 60s and 70s were known for sex and rock and roll; people of the 80s threw killer raves, and clearly they knew a thing or two about good soundtrack-ing that you should consider learning.

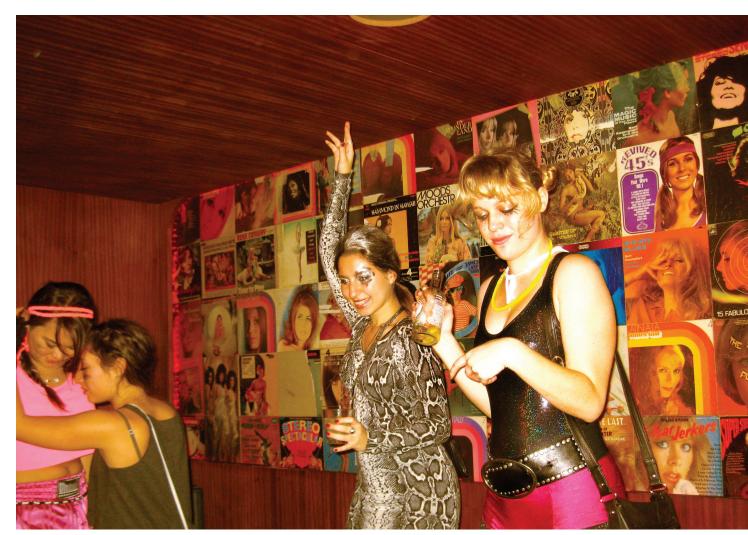
Fool around with remixes by different DJs or producers like Deadmau5. If you have a favorite song that you don't think is dance-worthy enough, hit up Youtube; odds are that someone on the Internet who is GarageBand-savvy has already remixed it to groove. Just be careful; beware shitty remixes, as there are plenty of them.

Check out some mash-ups or collaborations of your favorite songs; they always keep things unique (White Panda does some killer mash-ups). And if you're not part of the anti-dubstep campaign, add a few to your playlist (Skrillex is a dubstep no-brainer if you're not entirely sure where to begin). All of these are good techniques to pull different genres of music into your party without losing that vibe you're trying so hard to attain.

If you're still having a hard time parting from your beloved Top 40, check out an entire album by an artist you merely listen to singles of. If they're not one-hit wonders, you might find a gem that can set off your party perfectly. Think about it, where would we be if "Pursuit of Happiness" was the only Kid Cudi song released? The song would be a tease, leaving you aching for more.

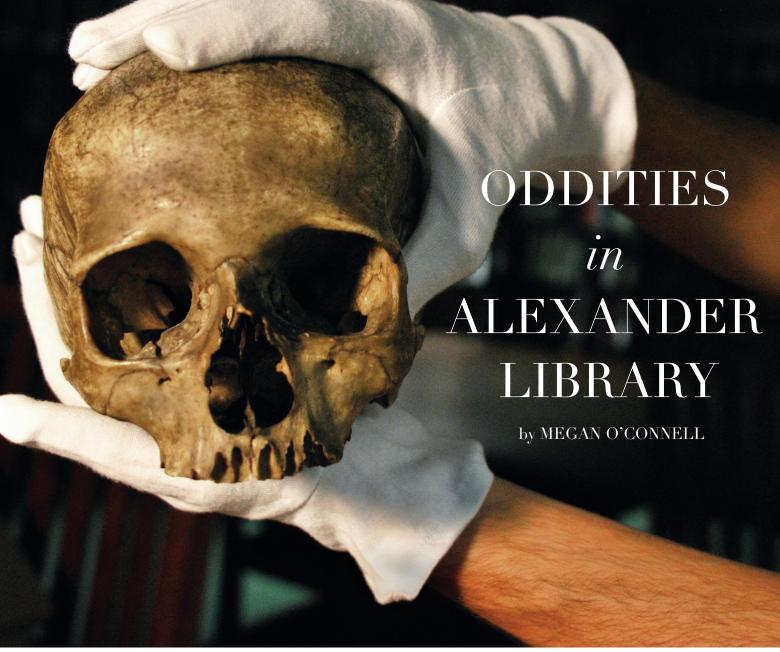
If constructed properly, a sick playlist could be the very thing that gets you laid (alcohol varying) or simply be enough to keep people talking about your party for a few days after their hangover haze.

Music is power bro, and it's about time you started using it properly.



"Stretch, 2, 3, 4!" Photo by Emma Rackmil.

TOP | killed | my | party



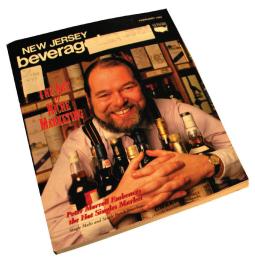
Photos by Samantha Kelly and Max Rosenberg

hen most Rutgers students think of Alexander Library, they picture bleary-eyed college kids strung out on caffeine, quietly tucked between stacks of books. Alexander Library seems to offer the average person nothing more than a quiet place to study and research.

But you shouldn't judge a book by its cover. Alexander may seem like just like every other college library, but it is home to many secrets. The strangest of them all is the labyrinth of the basement known as "The Special Collections and Archives Department."

Walking through the basement of Alexander Library is an unremarkable experience—that is, if you don't know what you're looking for. The majority of the Special Collections items are well-packaged and properly labeled in pastel colored boxes, but you never know what's in a box until you open it up. Many items made their way to the Special Collections because of their relevance to Rutgers' history or donations made to the University by alumni. It should come as no surprise that many original copies of famous texts have found their way to the shelves of the "Special Collections,", however there are many items that may shock, enthrall, or even disgust the reader. In no particular order, here are a few items that may pique your interest:









The Complete Collection of "Sun Magazine": "Sun Magazine" was a monthly nudist publication sold for 60 cents a copy. It was started in the early 1960s and produced in Mays Landing, New Jersey. The magazines articles range from "What Nudism Can Do for You" to "A Family Affair" and has pictures of almost any group daily activity you can think of, with all participants fully nude. Unfortunately the magazine was only printed for a few years, but all the volumes have their home in Alexander.

The Skull of Count von Donop: Carl von Donop (1732 – 1777) was a Hessian colonel who fought for the British in the American Revolutionary War. After the retreat of the Battle of Trenton in 1776, it is rumored that Von Donop spent Christmas Eve with Betsy Ross. Von Donop was fatally wounded and died a year later two days after the Battle of Red Bank in October 1777.

New Jersey's Beverage Journal: The New Jersey Beverage Journal is a magazine dedicated to the promotion, distribution and marketing of alcoholic beverage products The journal provides information on topics such as mixology, packaging approaches, and wine tasting. There exists over 100 editions in Special Collections, occupying approximately five shelves in the library's basement.

The unpublished works of Walt Whitman (1839 – 1857): Eight pages of Walt Whitman's unpublished manuscripts and nine annotated excerpts, collectively named "The Evolution of His Mind and Art," are housed in Special Collections. The works, all hand written, profess valiant pride for American literature. An excerpt from the manuscript reads, "American literature must become distinct from all others and American writers must become national, idiomatic, free from genteel laws – America herself appears in the spirit and the form of her poems, and all other literary works."

All editions of the Rutgers Review (1982 – present): Looking back on past editions of the RR, it's easy to see that college students perpetually suffer from the same trials and tribulations. This phenomenon can be seen on the front page of the second edition of the Rutgers Review, featuring the article "Drinking Age Proposal Draws Mixed Opinions" which argues against the proposition of changing the New Jersey legal drinking age from 19 to 21. The article quotes a brother in the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity stating that raising the drinking age at Rutgers would "kill activities. Most colleges have non-alcoholic rushes... [and] Rutgers is unique in having a Greek system that tends to promote alcohol during Rush in order to attract pledges."

4







BACK in BRUNSWICK



Photos by Mary Conlon (bottom left and right), Samantha Kelly (top right), Emma Rackmil (opposite page), Max Rosenberg (top left).



on being a person

by michael schwab

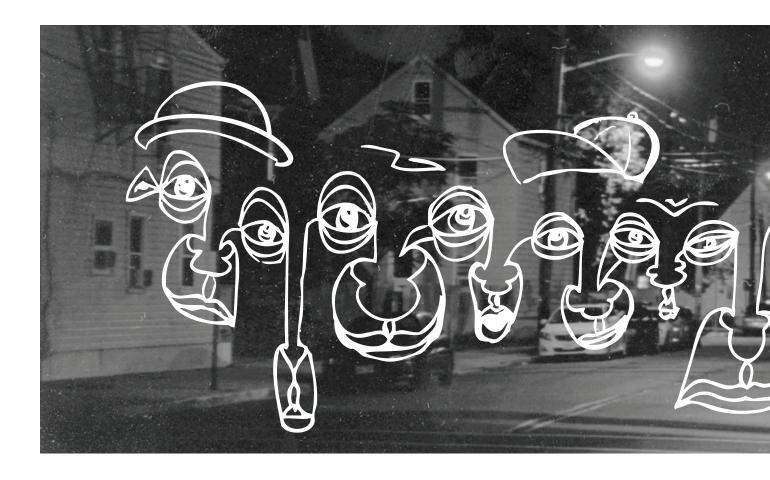
t's hard to be a person, no doubt, and heaven help you if you've heard people say that the person is a social animal, which means that sometimes we want to be surrounded by bodies, and we want to overshare and break bread at a big table with lots of chairs. We crave connection and communication, and maybe we even shudder when we realize that there's something else we desire that other people can't come close to, that in some obscure part of us lies a loner who's begging for something ecstatic and novel and maybe even dangerous to break us out of our shells because sometimes it is hard to be a person like it must be strange to be a painting or a parent or a pet.

In the following pages, you will find yourself a set of experiences to pore over with complete freedom of interpretation. Every scene you'll witness here takes place in New Brunswick, that heterogeneous litter box of a city that seems at times to take on a persona that is wholly of its own making. Some of these stories are seated in reality, and they search for some kind of answer to those questions we ask ourselves daily: "who am I and why do I feel what I feel?" or "who are all these people and why do they feel what I don't?" Others occupy that separate spot in the back of the mind that tries to tease out bizarre and intangible things, turning sequences of scattered thoughts into private collection of images and ideas that can

haunt us and inspire us without mercy.

I got mugged the other week by three hombres and a kitchen knife. But I was not angry or scared because I knew deep down that I was trespassing in my own city—because a dinky, white college student should not be at the corner of Baldwin and Joyce Kilmer at 3:30 in the morning, fucked up and alone. I only want to offer an apology now to my assailants for the temptation I offered them by being there and being who I was. I wish they could know that it wasn't me that was calling out to all the danger and the darkness in our city but the low voice in the loner inside of me, that dark and playful skeptic who needs something ecstatic and new and dangerous to counterbalance all the restrictions and the open spaces that come with the bodies we live in.

So that's my spiel, splotchy and reductive as it is. Just something to think about while you're on your way to class or getting on a train to go home for the weekend or sitting in your room in your shoddy apartment off-campus with your door closed and your brain wide open-while you're being a person. And maybe you can find solace in the fact that it is hard to be a person only because we demand extraordinary things from ourselves and everyone around us, beautiful and rich things that are hard to express and even harder to come by but feel so damn necessary when we finally hold them close.



BANANA CRIMES

t's Saturday. Most of Rutgers is sleeping, but I'm eating breakfast at the dining hall before my 9 o'clock creative writing class. The weekend buses make even those who leave an hour early late for their classes, so I didn't have much time. I scarfed down a bowl of cereal and grabbed a banana on my way out. As I walked out the doors, I tried to peel the banana open, but it wouldn't budge. I stopped in my tracks, frustrated with my inability to open the fruit. Adding to my annoyance, I felt something sharp prick my skin. "Stupid mosquitos," I mumbled, still struggling to open my banana. Then, something jabbed my skin again. This time I felt it pierce my skin much deeper. I yelled out in pain and stared, stupefied, at my bleeding hand. I noticed something resembling a large thumbtack sticking out of the banana and threw it to the ground. The tack moved up and down on the sidewalk, swaying in a mechanical slitting motion. Another student exited the dining hall. "Oh my god, what happened?" she yelled. "Are you okay?" Her eyes then moved to the blood-stained banana on the floor. "You're not allowed to take food out of the dining hall anymore!" she barked at me. "Now you're caught red-handed." By Ariel Siederer

A FREUDIAN LUNCH

Y lass over. 12.50 pm. LUNCH. Cross George. Up stairs. Back entrance. Hand Id. SSW-WIIPPEE. Left Ramp. Grab Tray. Grab Fork. Grab knife, grab smaller plate, small dish, maybe spoon, *WHICH BREAD* Whole wheat—round roll, gotta watch my cal' count always. Spreads: chipotle pepper on bottom, honey IS A MUST.ard on top. Hot meat of the day? FUCKIN' PASTRAMI (sunglasses emoticon). Place sandwich on rack to await cold-cut-served-HOT delivery. Aproned woman swings towards meat slicer. IT'S MY F*@&ING MOM??!?!?! She's serving me GUILT??!! She's nodding her head at me contemptuously!? This shit sucks! What does a Jew have to do to get some damn pastrami? Anyway, I decide guilt might not be that bad. It just kinda sits in your stomach giving you that feeling of man, I really shouldn't have eaten that. I fucked up. I definitely could not told my mom to screw off the other day when she just wanted to know how life has been going. What are ya gonna do... Grab chips. Roasted Red Peppers. Turbo Toaster. LUNCH.

By Jeff Adler



Art by Derek Springsteen

THE BUS & THE ABYSS

wo F buses have pulled away from the College Hall bus stop without you. As the next one comes, you decide that it's time to contribute to the vacuum-packed gummi worm box that is a Rutgers bus at 4 o' clock. You step on the bus to hear a sweet voice asking that you stand behind the white line. Without realizing, you inch back so that the tip of a toe is indeed behind the line. As the doors close and the bus begins to take off, you swiftly sink and vanish. You find yourself in a world swimming with students that have long been gone. You see the stumbling drunken girl, the guy who stomps up to the bus driver to insist that rush hour is indeed his fault, and of course, a large group of those who believed they too could outsmart the bus gods. In this new world where Brower pizza is served for breakfast, lunch and dinner, where the Scarlet Knights are more of a grey-ish hue, and everything else is substantially more dismal, you realize that it may have been a better idea to just hop on the next EE. by Naomi Yama

SURREAL NEW BRUNSWICK

AN EXERCISE IN **EVERYDAY FICTION**



What does it all mean? Photo by Sally Reisch

Melting Shapes

by Ben Sugarman

personal note: if I were to theoretically fill out a personal question-naire for a dating site and were prompted to describe my central pursuit in life, my purpose, it would be a certified lie to claim I was interested in building meaningful relationships or advocating some sort of justice. The modern world is incoherent, fraught with death, destruction, and incomprehensibility. No, my mission is one of epistemology.

An inquiry: what does one make of the inevitable sight of a half-melted ice cream cone outside the side doors at Brower Commons? A most profound image to consider, indeed. The ice cream literally spilling out of the cone into multiple layers of our individual consciousness. Look how the once frozen, solidified treat devolves into a shapeless, soupy mixture in its synthesis with the pavement. A metaphor for the dissolution of meaning in the movement of emotions from our subconscious into spoken language? Perhaps. These are the inescapable questions that accompany such meditations on human nature.

But who is the agent of this inexplicable deed? The dropper of the ice cream cone? By what brigade does he or she (it?) seek to reshape our understanding of self and environment upon exit from our ritualized meal time?

Thus, a case study: a four hour long observation of the side doors outside of Brower Commons so

that we may identify our anarchic agent.

But first, a digression: I should mention here that the image of the ice cream cone corrupted my mind—more often than usual—in the days after resolving to pursue this mystery. I determined that the ice cream generally appeared in the late afternoon, likely after lunch. Unnoticed in broad daylight! I saw every person's obliviousness as total madness. Yet I became accustomed to a certain madness myself. I dreamt of ice cream raining from the sky. Were these dreams speaking to me? Was mother nature culpable for the daily splat?

Maybe I am too often led adrift by the enigmatic. It compounds my already esoteric approach to real life happenings. In any event, my Scotland Yard-esque stakeout was entirely inconclusive. Chocolate ice cream had already been grafted onto the side steps by the time I arrived before lunch. Possibly uncollected remains from the day before, but, more likely, I had been found out, thwarted. It was a sneak attack! A real ruffian, through and through, I thought.

Suddenly though, my thoughts ballooned. The culprit could not have single-handedly learned of my interest. The person must have allies. No, not merely allies—a highly organized network of ice creamists, on some insane mission, bent on invoking the symbol of the fallen cone.

Thus, I quickly abandoned my post, having arrived not at a conclusion but a case for further inquiry. Who can be deemed trustworthy at a university where every single person's face bears the guilt of dropping an ice cream cone outside the side doors outside of Brower Commons?



What goes around, cones around

earing midnight last week, a friend and I were walking down the sidewalk in one of the more remote locations of New Brunswick when I came upon an interesting sight. In the middle of an intersection stood an old man with no shoes on. He wore a torn coat and strange layers that draped to the ground around his blackened feet. He showed no intention of moving from his spot and actually didn't seem to be moving any muscle in his body at all Perhaps it was the wind or delirium tremens, but his whole body swayed slightly like a willow tree on a gusty afternoon. His glazed expression called to mind some kind of zombified creature.

My immediate reaction was horror. "Someone's going to fucking run him over!" I screamed. Street lights in that area are few and his clothes were dark, making him an ideal target for an unintentional hit and run. My shrieking remarks had no effect on the man whatsoever.

"Should I go over and push his ass out of the street?" asked my valiant friend. It would certainly save him from his imminent peril but may be just the catalyst needed to make him snap out of his state of semi-consciousness and into a state of wolf-like rage. He did not flinch as we loudly considered the pros and cons of moving him or when I (just as loudly) decided that the smartest action was to do nothing and avoid having my brains eaten. My walking companion agreed that making any sudden movements

towards him would be unwise and possibly fatal for us both.

Though I felt

The traffic cone

by Samantha Mitchell

too afraid to interfere with the man's situation, I couldn't help but speculate as to how he ended up there. Maybe he came to Rutgers full of dreams of becoming a science-fiction writer. His hair would have been shorter then, and he probably still wore shoes. But his deep well of creativity began to dry up as he neared graduation. Every day became a futile battle against his limitations as a writer. One of his Dungeons and Dragons buddies, the one no one knew very well, started selling him cocaine. He stopped playing games and only bumped line after line of cocaine, then oxycodone, and then heroin. He flunked out of school, stopped answering telephone calls from his mother, and got thrown out of his apartment for missing the rent. He started stealing to support his addiction, wandering the campus, following students like an unseen shadow. This continued for several years until his brain finally gave up, no longer responding to drugs or other stimuli. This was the man I saw before me now.

We crossed through the intersection where he stood. My stomach grew tight and the hair stood up on the back of my neck as we passed by him. Cars drove around him, treating him as one would a traffic cone.



by Frank Anderson



Illustration by Mimi Gabriel

he flower petals are befitting; they are strewn with such faux-carelessness over the concrete steps. It is an ostensible touch: for the briefest hour (asserted "Happy") Clydz Restaurant and Bar has bestowed a sense of class upon me. This is further savored in a girl scout cookie martini, half-price, chased with a veggie dumpling, price reduced. I order another martini. Getting smashy, feeling classy, glory be to Clydz.

There is a gloss over this city; it is not visible to everyone; it comes with time. The first encounter reveals only a raw, chapped character, and the city is easily dismissed. With time and the repetitions of experience, you begin to notice its almost regal qualities, for New Brunswick is one of the exalted thrones of American trash. With his work, John Waters praised these same qualities in Baltimore. In his eyes, the most offensive, awful, disgusting trash was as resplendent as the most illustrious of subjects. Thus, on his end of the spectrum, a fat drag queen eating dog shit off a sidewalk is sovereign. We should regard New Brunswick with no less majesty.

Sharon and I have decided to sit out on the sidewalk. The bar area is dark and crowded and besides, the wobbly table and chairs heavy-duty-chained to the stair railing complement the experience so wonderfully. In the tree above us, a plastic bag garden ripples in the autumn breeze.

The waiter takes our order and moves to the table behind me. The monstrosity seated there proves firmly her membership in the highly regarded aristocracy of trash. I tilt my head to observe the large toothless woman in a sweatsuit order a third Cocaine Lady. Her nachos are, apparently, kick ass.

If my husband don't get here soon, I'm gonna finish this without 'im!

She cackles. As the waiter descends into the building, a belch strikes and splats against the dense air: she is magnificent

Ma'am, we just can't serve you if you don't have an ID.

Uh-oh, our magnificent monstrosity has encountered a problem.

I'm forty-seven! I left my wallet in my other bag! I'm fortyseven! I grabbed my diaper bag by mistakeMa'am-

See, this is my diaper bag! I grabbed the wrong one! My husband is coming!

I'm sorry Ma'am, we just can't serve you.

I lean toward Sharon, Holy shit! she's getting a free meal! She's brilliant.

The woman rises in a tiff, grabs her diaper bag, and storms off, just leaves after two drinks and a plate of nachos, all complimentary because how else do you deal with bat-shit crazy?

Sharon and I laugh and continue drinking, chatting, and flipping through our iPhones. But then she comes back. She stands at our table, waving her diaper bag and insisting that she brought the wrong one.

I'm forty-seven!

We're horrified.

She's sees the manager and pleads with her. I dunk my face in a martini. Sharon leans toward me, She was crying. Before she came back. Did you see her eyes?

The woman found a bench. She sat there, whimpering and sniffing, wringing the straps of her diaper bag.

Jerry!

She is wringing the hands of a man, her age, her stature.

Oh my god, her husband was coming.

They won't let me drink, Jerry! I brought the wrong bag and they won't let me drink.

He comforts and holds her. They walk away but don't reach the end of the block before he is yelling at her. She is screaming now too and crying and pushing him. He walks away, shaking his head, and they disappear around the corner.

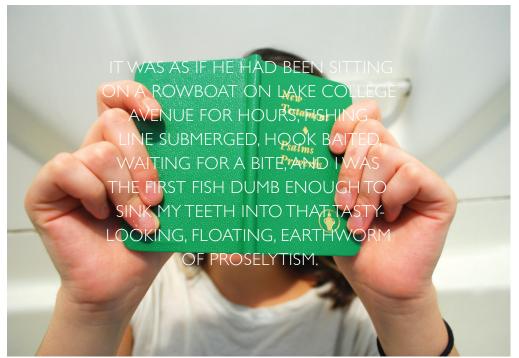
We finish our martinis and pay.

Let's go.

On our way home, Sharon points out a faded grey house overgrown with garden shrubs and lush potted plants. It is a severe splash of lively color on this desolate block.

That's my favorite house in New Brunswick.

I look down at the sidewalk: a bloody tampon is wrapped around the base of a street sign; perfect.



GOD'S Playground

BY IAN GABRIEL

Photo by Sally Reisch.

trust my own set of morals, not the Bible's or the Torah's or the Koran's, to guide me past life's obstacles. My afterlife will involve cremation and my ashes being scattered somewhere nice, not relaxing on a couch made of clouds with Jimi Hendrix or in a lava Jacuzzi with Osama bin Laden. But, last week, when I saw a few guys in front of the Rutgers Student Center holding signs that asked, "Will you go to Heaven?," I began to wonder what type of person actually makes it to God's playground. Surely, if these guys know whether or not I'm on St. Peter's guest list, they're heaven-bound themselves. So, I decided to talk with one of them to see what my company would be like just in case my after-death plans suddenly changed.

The one I talked to was Chuck, a tall, skinny, graying man wearing glasses and a conservative combo of a black polo shirt and khaki pants. He was offering small, folded, paper pamphlets to passers by, almost all of whom declined to take his gift. But I motioned to him that I wanted a pamphlet, and as soon as he perceived my interest in his exploits, his face perked up with excitement. It was as if he had been sitting on a rowboat on Lake College Avenue for hours, fishing line submerged, hook baited, waiting for a bite, and I was the first fish dumb enough to sink my teeth into that tasty-looking, floating, earthworm of proselytism.

Chuck, a surprisingly cordial and mild-mannered Jesus freak, identified himself as one of 15 million true "Biblical Christians" in the country. His philosophy is that the only way to truly be saved on Judgment Day is to recognize that all humans are inherently bad people. After admitting that you have never been and will never be a good person, a whole lot of repentance, a connection with God, and a blind acceptance of the Bible's moral standard, the big man in the sky will send you to heaven when the apocalypse final-

ly happens. When I told him that I live by my own moral standards, he quickly rebutted, "So did Adolf Hitler. So did Mao Zedong."

That's a first—I'd never been compared to Chairman Mao before. I asked him if it was possible to be religious on a personal level, instead of within an organized institution. He, again, rapidly responded, "You can't be religious and not go to Church or be involved with some type of fellowship." I guess a lot of people are doing it wrong.

He seemed to have had prepared responses for each of my comments on religion, so I decided to change the subject. I asked him about what he did for a living. He told me that he was the former head of a "multi-million dollar firm," that his baby brother is a 55-year old, retired "CEO of a two billion dollar company," that his close friend is a "multi-millionaire, and that they all agree that "the economy depends on only three things—see if you can name the fourth—manufacturing, mining, and agriculture." He never told me the fourth thing. He complained about how Mexican immigrants refuse to learn English after I told him about my Spanish major. He blamed outsourcing and high taxes for our country's economic woes after I told him that I'd be graduating in the spring. To me, it was obvious that our views on the state of the world were fundamentally different. But to him, I think I seemed like a potential believer. He wasn't really getting it.

All of a sudden, one of his message-spreading friends called over to us to inform Chuck that they were leaving. Chuck politely said his goodbyes and asked me if I had any topics or thoughts for him and his buddies to pray for in the car. I wish I had said something like "Yeah sure—pray for my best prostitute, she's in the hospital and I need her to get back to work soon," just to jar him a little. But he didn't really deserve that, so I just respectfully declined.

